THE
Double Deſcent.

A POEM.

This Hour's the very Criſis of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,
And all the Colour of your Life depends
On this Important NOW —

Dryden's Spaniſh Fryer, *Act.* 4.

LONDON,

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I.

'Tis ſo —— I feel the warm Poetick Fire
Glow in my Breaſt, and vig'rous Thoughts (Inſpire,
In flowing Dreſs I ſee the *Muſe* deſcend
And by her Smiles aſſures me that ſhe will
For Thoughts as yet unborn, ſome kind aſſiſtance lend.

But tell me *Muſe*, what ſhall I ſing?
What Subject ſhall my empty Pages fill?
To what New Meaſures ſhall I touch the String
Of Great *Apollo*'s charming Lyre?

II.

In Love's *ſoft* Numbers I was never skill'd,
Nor Am'rous *Odes* or *Stanza*'s wrote;
To rugged *Satyr* I am more inclin'd,
But I am now forbid the Thought,
And muſt ſome other Subject find:
But as of old great *Archimedes* mind
Was with ſome Mathematick Raptures fill'd,
When he cry'd out *'tis found*, *'tis found*, ſo I
The *Lofty Subject* now Deſcry,
I muſt in *Lines Prophetick* tell the Story
Of *Albion*'s great, and *William*'s greater Glory.

III.

Ungrateful We —— have we the Time forgot,
When Laws and Liberties were trampled on?
And *England*'s brighteſt Glory gone?
When *Romiſh Wolves* unboundedly did rove
Through every Field, through every Grove,
And ſilly Sheep became their Lot;
When all our Hopes to loweſt Ebb were brought,
The Great *Naſſau*, that Son of Fame,
Like mighty *Belgick Lyon* came
And quickly chas'd theſe Rav'nous Beaſts of Prey
From *Albion*'s happy Clifts away,
Diſpell'd the Miſts of night, and ſhow'd us perfect day.

IV.

Nor ſtopt he there, but bravely ventures on,
In parts abroad to gain a *Victor*'s Crown,
Great Minds in this, like heav'nly Bodies are,
Which move about the Sphere,

They ne're ſtand ſtill —— alas! our little *Iſle*,
Enough of Laurel could not ſhow,
To grace and to adorn his manly brow,
He muſt to Forreign Parts for *Triumphs* goe,
And on the *Rhine*, the *Sambre* and *Moſelle*,
Erect large Trophies to his mighty Name,
Which ſhall remain as Deathleſs as his Fame.

V.

One mighty *Work* is yet undone,
A *Work* in *Embrio* and not yet begun;
What, did I ſay the Platform was not laid,
That *Engliſh* Arms might *France* Invade?
You are to blame, my *over haſty Muſe*,
If his quick piercing Judgment you accuſe;
For know long ſince in *Naſſau*'s hidden thought,
The great Deſign, the glorious Scheme is wrought,
And *France* is Conquer'd e're the Battle fought:
For tho his Princely Thoughts have been obſerv'd
To be like Night all ſecret and reſerv'd,

Yet when in Action they themſelves diſplay,
What was like darkneſs hid, is active as the day.

VI.

It is Reſolv'd —— nor ſhall thy Fate, O *France!*
Reſiſt his Vow, nor all thy mighty Force,
So much all *Europe's* and the World's diſcourſe;
No, tho' from *Flanders* all thy Troops advance,
Or thy New Conqueſts ſhould diſgorge and ſpew
From ragged Walls their ſtarv'd and tatter'd Crew,
To make a formidable band,
Which will like Locuſts overſpread the Land;
All this, and more than this will never doe:
Thy Fate is certain, and thy Doom is ſeal'd,
Nor will the *Saints*, which to thy aid
Thou haſt in vain ſo often Pray'd,
Hear thy Complaints, or ſmalleſt Succours yield,
With Incenſe tho' his Altars ſmoke,
In vain *St. Denis* you invoke,
And what muſt ſtill increaſe thy fears,
Tho' once his Head he loſt, he now has loſt his Ears.

VII.

VII.

Methinks I see the mighty *Soul of War*,
The Fortunate, the brave *Naſſau*,
Born to teach Tyrants Martial Law,
Sitting at Helm of a rich *Naval Carr*,
By Moderns ſtyl'd a *Man of War*,
Whilſt preſſing Waves o're one another croud,
Striving who firſt ſhould bear the precious Load,
And the blew *Triton's* Trumpets ſound
From ſhore to ſhore on either ſide rebound:
See in a lofty Charriot drawn,
Neptune the Regent of the Sea,
His Looks all gay as when on Mornings dawn,
He ſtole from *Thetis* kind embrace;
See him give up the Badge of Majeſty,
His *Trident* with Proſtration low,
To great *Naſſau*, as rightly judging he
Was than himſelf more fitter for the place,
And how to govern did much better know.

VIII.

VIII.

See on the *Coaſt of Normandy*,
Upon the Beach and on the Sand,
The gaping Troops all wond'ring ſtand,
Of rabble rout a mghty Hoaſt,
Could they but fight as well as they can boaſt:
But by perpetual Slavery
Their minds ſo ſpiritleſs are grown,
Don Quixot who with lifeleſs Puppets fought,
Not ſooner could a Victory obtain,
Than could of Men a handful o're this mighty Train.
Alas, their Souls are not their own,
Their all is for a trifle bought,
And they've exchang'd their Liberty
For welcome Bonds, and doubly welcome Poverty.

IX.

So look'd the ſilly *Indians*, when they ſaw
The *Spaniſh Fleet* approach their ſhore;
The Ships they fancied Monſters all,
And thought they liv'd becauſe they heard 'em roar;
But what amazement did it draw,
When from their ſides they ſaw an *Army* crawl,
Some proſtrate on their Knees did fall,
But thouſands durſt not longer ſtay,
But ſwift as Wind ran haſtily away.

X.

The *French* with *Indians* may compare,
If not in Folly, yet at leaſt in Fear;
The Common ſort are of a Race,
So poor, ſo ſpiritleſs and baſe,
That they the Dignity of Man diſgrace,

Freedom and Slavery with them,
Are underſtood to be the ſame.

But there are yet ſome *quick, diſcerning few,*
Who know the Price of Liberty,
And out of Duty, not of Blindneſs true,
Yet Wiſh and Pray againſt the Tyranny:
Theſe often have with paſſionate regret
Obſerv'd their Countrey's ſinking ſtate,
And mourn'd and wiſht that Heav'n would ſend
Some kind Deliv'rer for their Friend:
Of a *Deſcent* when theſe ſhall hear,
Tho they may Counterfeit a Fear,
Yet inwardly rejoyce and ſing,
Since by *Britania*'s fate they plainly ſee,
Naſſau's great Aim is Liberty;
To knock their Fetters off, and ſet them free,
And them from *Ægypt* to a Land of *Canaan* bring.

XI.

He Lands, the mighty *Hero* Lands, when ſtrait the Air
Is fill'd with ſhouts of Joy and ſhouts of Fear:
His Troops well Diſciplin'd like *one Man* ſeem,
And all reſolve to ſtand and fall with him:
Of a Reſiſtance ſome faint ſhew is made,
But all as if they view'd *Meduſa's* Head,
Are Charm'd —— As was *Britania* heretofore,
When ſome time ſince he Landed on her ſhore:
He ſoon the mighty difference quickly ſhew'd,
Between the cruel, and the juſt and good,
His buſineſs was to Save and not Invade.

XII.

Swift as the Lightning, flyes the News to Court,
A ſad, a terrible Report,
For long Debates they have no time to ſpare,

No

No *Spaniſh Councils* they deſire,
Their Votes, muſt like their humours be, as
quick as Fire;
Scarce can they in their Seats be warm,
But comes another freſh Alarm,
That the *Arrear Ban* did not ſtay
One Bruſh, but tack't about and ran away.
And that ſome thouſands of the better ſort,
In Troops did hourly to the Foe Reſort,
Which like a furious Torrent guſt along,
And nothing ſtopt it in its way,
But that it would without delay,
Down to the very Gates of *Paris* throng.

XIII.

This News their looks with conſternation fills,
With thouſand doubts and fears Oppreſt,
A hurricane ariſes in the Breaſt
Of mighty *Lewis*, who with paſſion ſwells:
And am I then ſo deſpicable grown?
(Says he) *and theſe diſorders too ſo near the Throne;*
Muſt all my hopes be ruin'd by a Man,
Who is at beſt but Natures ſmalleſt ſpan;

I thought no Head on Earth had equall'd mine,
But he does all my Councels undermine,
Sees through the dark receſſes of my Soul;
Oh Louis! *beſt of Friends and Counſellers,*
Who to my Intereſt didſt devote thy Hours;
What made the angry Fates to ſnatch thee hence?
Thou man of deep Intrigue, thou man of mighty Sence;
With eaſe thou threatning Dangers didſt controul,
And by unparallell'd diſguiſe and artifice,
Spoil all the Meaſures of my Enemies.
Say, my beſt Friends, *what Methods ſhall I take?*
As yet unknown, a mighty Fund to raiſe,
I've try'd a thouſand ſeveral ways;
Ten thouſand places I have lately Sold,
Made Coblers Gentlemen, *for Gold;*
And if a greater Sum they cou'd advance,
Equal'em with the Peers of France;
This I have done, but when I think the whole
Is now in Danger, how it wracks my thought?
And I am into wild confuſion brought; *One*

One way, as yet, is uneſſay'd,
The Cloiſters *Plunder, and the* Church *Invade;*
Shall uſeleſs Plate upon their Altars lye,
While Lewis *has an Enemy?*
Tho Poverty they all profeſs,
Yet have they Riches in ſuch ſtore,
The great Mogul *has ſcarcely more.*
Ple bring their Worſhip to an humble dreſs,
And the Religious, *Poor ſhall be,*
Not in Profeſſion, but reallity,
But Pardon, Holy Church, *this rude addreſs,*
Mothers, their Sons ſhould Succour in diſtreſs.

XIV.

Now leave we them in diff'rent projects warm,
Diſtracted, juſt like Sailers in a Storm;
Now here, now there, from *Prow* to *Poop* they run,
And all their Work each minute but begun,
To view the Progreſs of his Arms,
Who Mankind with his Virtues Charms,
In more than *Roman* Triumph while he Rides,
He their low Adoration Chides;

Tells.

Tells them, he came to Save and to Protect,
To Heav'n they only ſhould allow Reſpect,
The influencing Cauſe of ſuch a good Effect,
Yet they their Acclamations give not o're,
But ſtill they more forbid, they ſhout the more;
So when *our Saviour* heretofore,
By power Miraculous did Heal
A Man, and charg'd him to Conceal
The ſecret, and to no man tell his Name;
Tho he returns of Gratitude did pay,
Yet could not that command obey,
But over all *Judea* ſpread his glorious Fame.

XV.

To men in *Greenland*, who a long half year
Have not of Light the leaſt appearance ſeen;
The Sun more wellcome cannot be;
To *Criminanls* Reprieves, to *Captives Liberty*,
Not half ſo grateful do appear
As great *Naſſau's* Deſcent,--who long has been
The Obſtacle of *Europes* Tyranny:
Through mighty *Cities* ſee him paſs,
While *numerous crouds* his *Chariot-wheels* attend
And all applaud and all commend;

With

With herbs and flowers the Virgins ſtrue the ways,
And think enough his worth they cannot praiſe;
Nay, the *Religious* of each *Order* ſtrive
Who in moſt ſtudied *Panegricks* ſhall
The largeſt Praiſes to his Virtue give;
Tho his Religion they diſlike,
Yet his Great Actions, and his Name,
Ecchoed through all the world by Fame.
Their Minds with mighty Veneration ſtrike;
The *Aged* with their *Crutches* crawl,
And *Bedrid* Man before he dies,
Is willing for to bleſs his Eyes,
With ſight of him who Gives to *Europe* Law,
And little Babes are taught to Liſp *Naſſau*.

XVI.

So when the Great *Deliverer* of Old,
Moſes, the Meek, the Juſt and Bold,
To *Iſrael* Tribes his Large *Commiſſion* ſhow,
Prov'd by his Wonder-working Rod,
They all with awful Reverence bow'd;
But when he led them through the Sea,
With *Manna* fed them, and by mighty ſtroke
Fetch'd Water from the hardned Rock;
Their wonder came almoſt t' Idolatry;

There then were *Murmurers* a few,
As *Korah*, *Dathan*, and his *Crew*:
And they a Diſmal *Exit* met:
Yet on the *Gallick Shore* there's ſcarcely one,
But who approves the Buſineſs done;
Yet if there ſhould be ſome, who with Regret
Their Countrey's *New-gain'd* Freedom ſee,
And wiſh Returns of Slavery,
May they meet *Dathan* and *Abiram*'s Fate.

XVII.

News of Revolts come every hour to Court,
Which did *Adullam*'s *Cave* reſemble,
For thoſe who made Oppreſſion but their ſport,
Or did with guilt and horror Tremble,
To that as to a Sanctuary fly;
Who would a Twig to drowning Man deny?
Few Noblemen, but thoſe whoſe weighty crimes
Had rend'red them the Odium of the times,
Appear— What courſe ſhall mighty *Lewis* take,
Since his great Friends him and his cauſe forſake;
He ſees the Clouds grow black, and further ſpread,
And fears the Storm will break upon his Head:

Where

Where ſhall he go, or whether ſhall he fly?
To what Dark corner of the Earth,
Famous for giving *Tyrants* Birth,
Retire, and in confuſion ſigh and die?
Tho *Mother Church* does Prodigals receive,
Yet his Repentance ſhe can ne're believe,
Who daily ſends to *Infidels* Relief,
Equals the *Turbant*, with the *Coul*,
Thinks *Chriſtianity* endures no loſs,
If the *Half-Moon* ſtand rival with the *Croſs*;
Let him, like *Cain* in antient times,
Guilty of more Nefarious crimes,
Than e're his were, through Deſerts roul,
Since his Oppreſſions, Cruelties,
Were infinitely more than his;
Cain was condemn'd for ſhedding filial Blood,
He ſpilt a drop, but this has caus'd a Flood.

XVIII.

He comes, the *Conquerour* comes, *Naſau* the brave,
To Gates of *Paris*, infamouſly known,

For

For Blood and Maſſacres once done,
From both of which, was Born, that place to ſave,
Where from all parts Addreſſes come,
Not ſuch as heretofore were made,
When *Lives and Fortunes* ſolemnly were laid
At *Princes* Foot—And all was Maſquerade,
All ſhow, and juſt to nothing came the Sum;
But grateful Sence of what they owe
To his all Powerful Arms, ſince now,
Too ſenſibly they taſte and ſee
The Fruits of wellcome Liberty,
With ſuch ſurprize, as one born blind ſurveys,
After his cure, the Sun's bright rays;
They ſee the *Halcyon Days* appear, (there:
And Peace and Plenty once more flouriſh
If after all theſe mighty Wonders done,
The great *Naſſau* accepts the *Crown*,
By double Title now his own,
How greatly 'twill his Fame advance,
When not in complement alone,
But in reallity he's known
To be the Juſt, the only *King* of *France*!

Leave

(19)

Leave, leave, a while, my *Muſe*, the Dazling Sight
Of *Naſſau*'s Glory,——— to ſurvey,
A noiſy, vain, imaginary Scene;
For ſuch a Project is no more,
A *French Deſcent* upon the *Engliſh* Shore;
The Quarrel is maintain'd with juſt ſuch Odds,
As when the *Gyants* fought with *Gods*:
I view, methinks, with Pity and Delight,
The fooliſh trifling vain Eſſay,
And ſee the Phantoms vaniſh quite away,
As do the Figures in the *Fairy Queen*.

(20)

Behold, upon the *Britiſh* Waves appears,
(Some few Mens Hopes, but no Man's Fears;)
A *Gallick Fleet*, which calls the yielding Stream,

As if ſhe proudly came to claim,
By Force, the *Engliſh* Diadem.

Ah, fooliſh *France*! how plainly ſhall we ſee,
How ſilly thy Pretences be,
To aim at *Univerſal Monarchy*?

See how the very Elements conſpire;
And Winds, and Waves in *cloſeſt League*,
Combine to fruſtrate thy Deſire;
To mar thy whole Deſign, and ſpoil the *Grand Intreague*.

(21)

But ſhould we grant by Magick Spells,
By Exorciſms, or ſomething elſe,
Thy *Prieſts* ſhould charm the very Waves to Peace,
And make the Winds their noiſy Bluſters ceaſe:
(For what great Wonders can't they do,
Who make their God, and eat him too?)
Should with calm Breezes, and a merry Gale,
Thy whole (but not invincible) *Armada* ſail,
With ſo much Pleaſure and Delight,
As if it came to Triumph, not to Fight;

Yet

Yet on fair *Albion*'s Shores, by Heaven's Command,
Whole Troops of *Guardian Angels* ſtand;
Who with a Look can drive thee from the Shore,
Cauſe thee to make more ſhameful a Retreat,
Than *Spaniſh* Fleet in *Eighty Eight*;
When to the *Britiſh* Coaſt its threatning Face it bore.

(22)

But ſhould they Land! ——and that's a grand Suppoſe;
What then will be their Fate, Who knows?
If Cauſes by Effects we gueſs,
To *Delphick* Oracles we need not go,
Of this *Deſcent* th' Event we know;
And without *Magick* tell the whole Succeſs;
So quick a Slaughter would be made
Of thoſe, who durſt our Shoar invade,
One Man would ſcarce be left alive,
(Who by good Luck did all the reſt ſurvive,)
With Sorrow, Paſſion, and Regret,
In *France*, to tell his Fellow-Soldier's Fate.

(23)

The *FRENCH*——Altho' indeed no Terrour lye
In the VVord *French*, yet there's a ſtrange,
And almoſt unaccountable Antipathy,
Againſt 'em does in *Engliſh* Boſoms range;
Should *Goths* and *Vandals*, *Turks* and *Saracens*,
People who make it ſtill their Trade,
Their Neighbours Kingdoms to invade;
Or a ſtrange Nation come we know not whence,
Theſe might perhaps much more increaſe our Fear,
VVhen their tall Ships upon our Coaſt appear;
But not our Rage by half ſo much incenſe,
Not Fire and Water more Averſion bear,
Than lyes between the *Engliſh* and *Monſieur*.

(24)

Suppoſe they ſhould through Clouds of Fire and Smoke,
Sent from our *Fleet*——thoſe *thundring Sons of Oak*,

Ruſh

Ruſh through, and make a bold Attempt to Land,
Not only Horſe and Foot, a numerous Band,
Their proud uſurping Force would quell;
But *Women*, ignorant in Arms,
Dreadleſs of Dangers, and of Harms,
VVith Kitchen-weapons, *Spit* and *Fork*,
VVould do a deal of *Murth'ring* VVork:
If theſe the Enemy repel,
'Tis fit they ſhould the Glory ſhare,
And each as Badge of Honour wear,
Cloſe by her Side a *French-man's Noſe or Ear.*

(26)

Had the *Deſcent* (ſo much the Town's Diſcourſe)
Intended been for any Land but ours,
VVhat Conſternation would it not create?
VVhat great *Convulſions* in the State?
VVhereas altho' the threatning Danger's near,
No Face puts on the *Livery of Fear.*

Gay are our Days, and pleaſant all our Hours,
Plenty and Pleaſure all our Care;
But Preparations yet are made,
The Foe to welcome, if he ſhould invade;
For 'tis a Truth on Record ſtill,
And own'd by all the *Sons of Sence*,
'Tis lawful to uſe Self-defence,
Let *Non-Reſiſtance Sparks* ſay what they will.

(26)

But yet before fair *Albion* they invade,
Specious Pretences muſt be made;
INVADE US!——no, the VVord they ſcorn,
They were for nobler Projects born;
They only come to ſave our Land
From being by the *Dutch* trapann'd,
To ſet a Prince once more upon the Throne,
By Subjects Villanies undone,
On a right *Baſis* our Religion ſettle,
And ſeparate the Droſs from *Loyal Metal*;

Law

Law, Right and Juſtice to reſtore;
With twenty other fine Pretences more.

(27)

Bleſt Regulators of a bleſſed Cauſe,
When *French Dragoons* ſhall give to *England* Laws;
What ſort of Creatures are there in the Nation,
Who wiſh and pray for ſuch a *Reformation*?
In that Enquiry goe not yet too far,
For in this Town a numerous Croud there are,
Wretches impatient of their Liberty;
Who, tho' they all might live at eaſe,
Are utter Enemies to Peace,
And long for *Wooden Shoes* and Slavery;
To utter Ruine would their Country bring,
To Re-inſtate an *Idol-King*;
And when with Flames they ſee the Nation burn,
Not drop a Tear, or Sigh and mourn;
But *Nero*-like, tune up their Harps and ſing:

With them all ſober Reaſon's *Stuff*;
But they are now grown Satyr-proof,
And all their Mind's impregnable like warlike Buff.

(28)

But leaving them to Racks of Hope and Fear,
To be ſucceeded by a wild Deſpair:
See, ſee my Muſe, the lowring Cloud,
Which threatned Storms of Fire and Blood,
Quite vanquiſh'd from our Hemiſphere;
From every ſide loud Acclamations ring
Long live the warlike King, and beauteous Queen:
Soft charming Muſick fills the Air,
Now calm, unruffled, and ſerene
Muſick which chears the liſt'ning Ear,
Whilſt *Guardian Angels* in a Quire,
Whom Love and Reverence inſpire,
In a full Anthem *Albion*'s Paiſes ſing.

F I N I S.